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the rate of \$1 per square for the first
three insertions, and 25 cents per square
for each subsequent insertion.

Liberal deduction made to yearly ad-
vertisers.

For the Gallipolis Journal.

To Jane.

"Forget thee!" how can I, the chain of
that spell,

Which binds thee to memory no ab-
sence can part;

Forget thee! Oh never, each moment
can tell

How closely and warmly thou'rt
twined with my heart.

I can never forget thee, when music is
near,

Some long buried song will wake in
mine ear;

Whose tone will bring back that fond
singing of yore,

Which, save in our memories, we
ne'er may hear more.

Forget thee! alas, I may bid thee fare-
well,

And hide me from all the perfection
thou art,

But I can never forget thee, wherever
shall wave

Time's wings o'er the wild-flowers
that bloom o'er my grave.

To Sarah.

Oh say, Sarah, dearest,

When I am leaving home,

And thro' far distant lands,

From thee I do roam,

Wilt thou think of me, then,

Who loved thee so well,

And ever heave one sigh
From memory's cell.

Farewell, Sarah, dearest;

As I shall thee,

At morn and eve

Oh! pray for me.

I ever shall love thee,

Thro' weal or thro' woe,

And I never shall forget thee,

Sweet one, no! no!

IRENE.

EWINGTON, July 17th.

Parting Words.

"And he said, 'Let me go, for the day break-
eth'—Genesis, xxxii, 26.

Let me go, the day is breaking—
Dear companions, let me go;

We have spent a night in waiting
In the wilderness below;

Upward now I bend my way,
Part we here at break of day.

Let me go: I may not tarry,
Wrestling thus with doubts and fears,

Angels wait my soul to carry
Where my risen Lord appears;

Friends and kindred weep not so—
If ye love me, let me go.

He have travell'd long together,
Hand in hand, and heart in heart,

Both through fair and stormy weather,
And 'tis hard, 'tis hard to part;

While I sigh "Farewell!" to you,
Answer, one and all, "Adieu!"

'Tis not darkness gathering round me
That withdraws me from your sight;

Walls of flesh no more can bound me,
But, translated into light,

Like the lark on mountain wing,
Though unseen, you hear me sing:

Heaven's broad day hath o'er me broken,
Far beyond earth's span of sky;

Am I dead? Nay, by this token,
Know that I have ceased to die;

Would you solve the mystery,
Come up hither—come and see.

Small is the sum that is required
To patronize a newspaper, and amply

rewarded is its patron, we care not
how humble and unpretending the

paper which he takes. It is next to
impossible to fill a sheet with printed

matter without putting into it some-
thing that is worth the subscription

price. Every parent, whose son is
away from him at school, should

supply him with a newspaper.

CLEANING WINDOW PANES.—Pul-
verize indigo very finely, moisten it

with water till it assumes a plastic
form of the consistency of common

paste. Dip a linen rag into this, and
smear the surface of the panes, and

wipe off briskly, when dry, with a
dry cloth. Finely sifted ashes, moist-
ened with spirits, answers well as a

substitute, but indigo not only re-
moves the dirt, but confers a brillian-
cy and clear surface, equal almost

to that of new glass.

Life in Paris.

We have been permitted, (says
the New Haven Palladium) to make
the following extract of a private
letter received in this city, from an
American gentleman now in Europe.
The writer had no expectation of its
publication; the reader will, howev-
er, doubt not, be pleased with
its perusal, more so, perhaps, than if
it had been a studied production:

I crowded so much into my brief
stay in Paris as to jade body and
brain. Such a succession of won-
ders peeled, clap after clap, upon me
that I was fain to cry enough; such
a continued strain of magnificences,
that my satiated curiosity asked for
something common by way of re-
lief. I began to fear that my eyes
would not relax to their usual diam-
eter, and that I should present my-
self in quiet Geneva with a couple
of protruding eyeballs, as though I
were fresh from some soul-harrow-
ing fright. By night it was the
same; gaudy equipages made a high-
way of my brain; miles of pictures
on walking frames, marched slowly,
making me obeisance; whole palaces
danced a polka, without shaking
down a brick, and, perhaps, you
will not believe it, but more than
once I woke to find my palate suf-
fused in floods of saliva, which imagi-
nary delicacies had evoked. Thus
it was wearisome by day and fever
by night, and I was as hot in the morn-
ing as if I had slept over landlady
Will's bakery; and I grew fashiona-
ble, too, in Paris—kept late hours,
and tried to go the elegant, trifling,
&c., &c. Why not? He who has
five dollars to spend is as rich and
important, as long as it lasts, (and
his manner of spending it suggests
more,) as he who has \$5,000. It is
not the reality of the thing, you per-
ceive, nor the self-satisfaction that
you are what you claim to be, but
which measures a man's comfort,
but public opinion—the estimation
of others. Candor never requires
a man to confess himself a dunce, or
the world confess him a Crichton.—
So I rung the hotel bell multitudi-
nously, called garcon up something
less than 300 stairs to scold him
about the boots, yawned into the
breakfast room at ten o'clock, sip-
ped my coffee, and called for "Gal-
ignani," took my wine at dinner as
though I had been used to it, and pa-
trolled the streets till midnight.—
The true Parisian never sees the sun
rise; he takes his coffee and roll per-
haps in bed, certainly in his room,
breakfasts on a chop at eleven o'-
clock, generally at a cafe, where he
collects the morning gossip, then
goes and gets shaved and perfumed
by his barber, takes a saunter on the
Boulevards, then a drive on the
Champs Elysees, comes home to din-
ner, and here his morning commen-
ces; from this time to three o'clock
past midnight he is in his element;
gay, brisk, vivacious, gliding from
opera to theatre and from that to
ball, till his bed rests him for the
same insane life another day. All
Paris is alive in the evening; the gay,
the simple, the vile, the mere gazer
like myself, the sharper, the revolu-
tionnaire, stately dames and ambi-
tious politicians are all abroad. Shops
are brilliant, streets buzz with the
many voices, the pavement patters
to the many sounding feet, gas lights
glitter, the false fair assail you at ev-
ery step, the cafes resound with laugh-
ter, dice and domino. Every hell of
amusement is crowded—the saloons
sparkle with the bright array; fash-
ionable folly rules triumphant in ev-
ery corner. On Sunday this is par-
ticularly so; then the devil and all
his imps have holiday, and they
keep it in Paris. Every body seems
frantically determined to do all he
dares in the face of Heaven, and af-
fronts the great king more than he
would any earthly potentate.—
There was opposite to my hotel a
very fashionable magazine, or dry
good store, as we call such. On Sun-
day it had what was called a "dis-
play;" i. e. the ample halls were
thrown open, decorated, most taste-
fully with the richest goods the
world affords, to the inspection of
the public. I watched the scene
from my window. The rain fell in
torrents, yet the street from one end
to the other, was jammed in with
fashionable carriages, disembodying
their costly clothed inmates at or
near the door of this temple of fash-
ion. But this was a mere inno-
cence to some other things I could
mention. At the same time the
churches are devotionally full. What
a life! what a life! I do not see how
the French, whose characteristic is
insane love of pleasure, can be any-
thing but frivolous, hollow hearted,
unsubstantial, incapable of any thing
that is great or immortal.

My letter was minute enough
about the great sights of Paris. I
may mention one or two little things
which would seem trifling but in a
letter to a sister. The bread for in-
stance. I never saw any yeast
compound that can compare with it;
absolutely some of it would shame
show for purity, or might stand in
the worlds metaphor for a standard
of whiteness; white as Paris bread!
Upon my word, I thought I never
could eat enough. It is a famous
staple in Paris, forming, with sor-
wine, the sole (almost) subsistence
of half the population. It is one of
the articles which Government in-
sists on keeping cheap, for a hungry
Parisian populace would be a dan-
gerous thing to deal with. There-
fore, you may see it festooning win-
dows (eating houses) in all manner
of complex and inviting forms; it
is trundled through the streets; you
see ragged urchins munching it at
street corners, loafers as you know
immediately; emphatically the stuff
of life here, for I have seen a man
lugging along a huge post of bread
—the price of a few sous, on which
he could well lean as a crutch—or
you will see it in a rim torn, big as
a cart wheel, or else in a loaf large
enough for a cannon target.

At the hotels it is brought to you
in rolls about eight inches in length,
with a brown crisp crust—this
with coffee, is fit for the lips of the
Grand Turk, and I wish no other
breakfast. But as I said before,
there is, with the Parisians, a differ-
ence between coffee and breakfast—
one is "coffee" per se, taken in deli-
cious loneliness, and the other is
technically "breakfast." But we
Americans at the hotel combine the
two, after calling for a steak. The
Americans are perhaps the only na-
tion who breakfast heartily. You
are aware perhaps, that the Paris
hotels have only one regular meal per
day, the dinner or table d'hôte, at
five or six o'clock. The morning
meal is taken either at the cafes, or
if at the hotel, only as called for
from eight to twelve o'clock, no two
persons ever being seen to breakfast
together. The table d'hôte is the
meal which concentrates the French-
man's utmost of ceremony, style and
taste in cooking. It is the custom
for many Parisians to dine daily at
a particular table d'hôte, paying ev-
ery day for their meal as they go out.
Here again are the comforts of a
home don't you say so? This ta-
ble d'hôte is managed with the most
exquisite nicety, on the principle of
making a little go a great ways.—
Course follows course in quick suc-
cession, each being prepared at a
side-table, so that for each course
you can take only so large a piece
as is prepared for you; hardly two
things are served together, bread be-
ing the great offset for everything.—
Even pommes de terre are served
up alone; and, as for management,
I can tell you, I have seen a couple
of chickens (one of the courses) serve
fifteen people, so minutely calcu-
lated is everything. One Astor din-
ner would keep a Parisian table
d'hôte a week; yes, what is wasted
on it in unscientific carving. Yet,
every body feels after dinner that
he has eaten enough, he hardly knows
of what. The price of a good table
d'hôte is five francs, one dollar near-
ly. I ate ignorantly in Paris, not
knowing how one-half that nourish-
ing or vitiated, as the case might
be, my blood; I was a little squeam-
ish at first, but soon found that it
was no use, and finally went into ev-
ery thing boldly. I do recollect one
thing, though, I one day ate two cab-
bage heads; and you know I detest
cabbage; yet I could have eaten
twenty-four more; how do you sup-
pose? I was speaking of bread, but
the butter is a curiosity. Not a par-
ticle of salt-ever touches it; it is
made every day, and is as white as
the driven snow; is brought into the
breakfast (never dinner table) in lit-
tle thin pats of about a dollar's size,
exquisite little nothings, of which an
American stomach could store a doz-
en; but stop, each pat has its price af-
fixed, and before one is long in Paris
he learns to content himself with one
or two. Do you think, by the way,
that these non-essentials are put on
to your table in abundance, of which
you can take or leave? No; so much
and if you call for more, pay for it.
Mite by mite the coral in-
sect builds its palaces, and once by
once the Paris cuisinier or maitre
d'hôte makes his money. Every
mouthful has its carefully computed
value, and he very careful how you
eat, for behind the door of a little
side room is remorselessly going the
omniscient pen, and francs in your
bill afford you a very fair estimate
of just how many bites you have ta-
ken during your sojourn in the ho-
tel. I paid for every ounce of blood
which I manufactured in Paris.—

Frenchmen do not eat much butter,
and especially they do not like salt
in it. Ah, yes, another change; no
hotel furnishes soap—not knowing
this on your arrival, you ring for a
piece—you leave in three days—call
for your bill, and there you find
charged a cake of soap, one franc—
no disputing—you must pay. That
same piece of soap is removed
from the room, and serves to multi-
ply francs in the same way again
and again. Why it is the inexhaus-
tible sixpence. Again as you are go-
ing through the provinces, stop at a
hotel; you take a light to bed with
you, of course; next morning you
find one franc for bougie, (wax can-
dle,) as they facetiously call them;
pay you must, though you have burnt
but one half inch. If you stay long
at a hotel, your bougie is numbered
according to your room, and you
use the same every night. Of course,
in the former case, the same bougie
answers for a dozen individuals, and
a half franc's worth brings to the ho-
tel keeper two hundred per cent; but
travellers soon find out this, and do
as I did, before I had been long in
France—on leaving in the morn-
ing, pocket the candle! So the su-
gar at a cafe; a quantity is brought
you—take a piece or two, but are
charged for the whole—but after you
have been three or four days in Paris,
you learn to empty the sugar you
don't use into your pocket. Funny
things you see in this world.

FOLLOW NATURE.—We are never
ridiculous when we act as nature dic-
tates; when we assume what she
never gave us, we at once become
ridiculous. A very just comment.—
"A bear," says some author whose
name we have forgotten, "is a most
grave, and quite respectable animal
as a bear; but, should he set up for a
dancing master, he would be sure to
be laughed at for his pains." But
then a bear knows better, it is only
men who get into "false positions,"
and so make themselves ridiculous.—
The disposition shown by so many
persons to figure in matters for
which they have no natural aptitude,
is thus severely satirized by Swift:
"A dog by instinct turns aside,
Who sees a ditch too deep and wide,
A fonder horse will oft debate
Before he tries a five barred gate.
But man will find the only creature
Who, led by folly, combats nature;
And where his genius least inclines,
Absurdly bends his whole designs."

Civilization is not so much the
triumph of religion over the human
heart as woman. From the very
moment men begin to live in a regu-
lated society—as soon as gentleness
and persuasion replaces the violence
of barbarism—a new wish makes its
appearance in society—a wish to
understand and appreciate women.
Uncouth manners are abandoned for
standing collars and poetry, while a
passion for flutes and moonlight ev-
enings supercedes cowhide shirts and
sheep-skin continuations. As Smith-
ers very justly observes, who can
look dimly in the face without ex-
claiming "what an elevation."

AN ELEGANT COMPLIMENT.—The
famous Volney, while in this country,
being about to visit Virginia, waited
on President Washington and re-
quested a letter of recommendation,
on which the President wrote the
following: "The bearer, C. F. Vol-
ney, so well known and admired in
the literary world, needs no recom-
mendation from George Washington,
President of the United States."

OUR COUNTRY.—On no country
more than our own have the charms
of nature been prodigally lavished;
her mighty lakes like oceans of li-
quid silver—her mountains with their
bright aerial tints—her valleys team-
ing with fertility—her tremendous
cascades thundering in our solitude
—her boundless plains waving with
spontaneous verdure—her broad,
deep rivers, rolling in solemn gran-
deur to the ocean—her trackless for-
ests, where vegetation puts forth all
her magnificence—her skies kindled
with the magic of summer clouds
and glorious sunshine—no, never
need an American look beyond his
own country for the sublime and
beautiful of natural scenery.

River Accident.—Seven Persons
Supposed to have Drowned.—The
Captain of the steamer Excelsior,
late from Galena, reports that on
Saturday last during a severe hurri-
cane, a large lumber raft was swamp-
ed on the Upper Mississippi, between
the Upper Rapids and Fever river.
Seven men, we regret to state, are
supposed to have been drowned. A
bucket and other articles on which
was painted the name of James
Bloomer, leads to the inference that
some man by that name was the
owner of the raft.

St. Louis Intel., 18th.

Origin of the words Blanket, Worsley,
Kerseymere and Linsey Wolsey.

While Edward III, in 1337, re-
peated his invasion of Scotland, and
"ravaged the country with great
fury, burning Aberdeen and many
similar towns," as the historian tells
us; and while he was engaged in
raising an army to invade France
in 1338, exacting from the impover-
ished English people all their wealth
to waste in war; and when he was
wasting France with war, borrow-
ing money from all foreign princes
who would lend him, pawning the
English crown which made him a
king, that he might still further ex-
tend destruction over fertile France;
when, in the battles which our his-
torians and poets have so minutely
recorded, and loftily sung out, swords
clashed with swords, and battle axes
rung upon the coats of mail, the
warrior-heroes of France, there was
a servant of mankind making a noise
in Bristol, which was of infinitely
greater service to England than the
entire conquest of Europe would
have been. This was Thomas Blan-
ket. The noise he made was not
that of the clashing sword, but of the
clashing shuttle. His purpose was
not to destroy what his country al-
ready possessed, but to give his coun-
try what it did not yet possess—
blankets, a covering of comfort to
go to bed with, to sleep under, that
it might be refreshed in sound sleep,
and rise in health and strength to its
daily work of making mankind hap-
pier by being happier itself. Thom-
as Blanket was soon imitated by his
neighbors, who, like him, set up
looms in their own houses, and made
woollen cloth like that which he
made. The cloth was named by his
name; and to this day through all
time in this country will the name
be known, though nothing else is
known of this weaver than that he
was the first to introduce the blanket
manufacture in England.

No cloth of any kind had been
woven in England before the reign
of Edward III. We read that in
1331 John Kemp, from Flanders,
introduced the weaving of cloth into
England; that the King invited tul-
lers, dyers, and so forth, to come
from Flanders and settle here. This
policy on the part of Edward was
discreet; and, viewed in connection
with some other of his actions, prove
him to have had some perception of
the real sources of national well-
being. But he no sooner allowed
the cloth manufactured to be im-
planted in England, than he almost
rooted it up again by restrictive en-
actments and oppressive taxes to
carry on his wars. The manufac-
ture of the twisted double thread of
woollen, called worsted, was intro-
duced into England about this time,
or soon after. The village of Wor-
sted, about fifteen miles from Nor-
wich, was the first place where this
thread was made, and it took the
name of the village. There is no
spinning nor woollen manufactures
at Worsted now, but from the tombs
in the graveyard, and the benefac-
tions left to the parish, which are
recorded in the church, we have
proofs that the manufacturers of
Worsted were numerous, opulent,
and lived there in successive gener-
ations, during several centuries. It
may also be noticed here, that after
enquiring into the history of the
parish and manufacturers of Wor-
sted, we visited Linsey, which gave
the name to the fabric known as lin-
sey wolsey, and the Kersey and the
Mere close to it in Suffolk, where the
workshops were situated, in which
the cloth called kerseymere was first
made. The cloth so called now dif-
fers from the original, and there is
but little trade of any kind in Kersey
now. But, as at Worsted, the grave-
yard and the church have many re-
cords of manufacturers long deceased.
Their names, though now Anglicized
are common in Suffolk, are all of
Flemish origin.—From Somerville's
forthcoming Biographic History of
Free Trade and the League, and the
Pioneers of Progress.

NEW THREE CENT PIECE.—This
coin has just been issued from the
mint at Philadelphia. It is described
as a beautiful thing and the New
York Sun says its diameter is be-
tween that of a half dime and the
gold dollar, and its thickness is equal
to that of the latter. On one side
are the words, "United States of
America," in which is a circular
wreath enclosing the Roman numer-
ical "III." On the reverse side is the
liberty cap, inscribed with the word
"Liberty," surrounded with rays.—
Underneath the cap are the figures
"1850."

"If there is any body under the
canister of heaven that I have in ut-
ter excrecence," said Mrs. Parting-
ton, "it is a tale-bearer and slanderer,
going about like a vile box-construc-
tor, circulating his camellie about on
honest folks. I always know one by
his phismahogony. It seems as if
Belzabub had stamped him with his
private signal, and every thing he
looks at appears to turn yaller."—
And having uttered this somewhat
elaborate speech, she was seized with
a fit of coughing, and called for some
demulcent drops.

ALTERED NOTES.—Notes of the de-
nomination of \$1 and \$5 have been
altered from the broken bank of Mem-
phis, Tenn., to the Farmers' and Mer-
chants' Bank of Baltimore, and a num-
ber of them put in circulation. They
are easily detected if examined care-
fully.

LITTLEFIELD, the janitor of the Medi-
cal College at Boston, has been recon-
ciled with Prof. Webster, and the two
have mutually expressed a wish for a
personal interview, in which, we learn,
they are to be gratified by the Sheriff.

He who considers faithfulness in lit-
tle things unworthy him, should be con-
sidered unworthy to be entrusted with
great things.

Wm. L. Mackenzie and the Canadian
Parliament.

The Toronto Examiner says: Ap-
plication has been made to the Muni-
cipal Council, now in Session in the
Court House here, by W. L. Macken-
zie, for three sessions' wages due him
as a representative of York County
in Assembly [1831 to 1834] at 10s
per day, with interest. During the
11th Parliament he was elected five
times and so often expelled—the gov-
ernor and the colonial office opposing
the expulsions and the Legislative
Council sanctioning them. Macken-
zie's offense was the expression of
his opinions in a public newspaper.
When first expelled, he addressed the
freeholders to the effect, that they
knew his sentiments and conduct in
that and the previous Parliament—
he would neither retract nor apolo-
gize—but that if he did not truly
represent them, their course was
open, they could elect and employ
another. If again returned he said
he would understand their votes as
an endorsement of his public conduct
and condemnation of that of the
Legislature. The 12th Parliament
tore the votes of expulsion from its
journals, but the District Magistrate
refused to pay his wages because he
had not received the previous speak-
er's warrant on their treasurer.—
The new assembly could not pay up
arrears of wages as a contingency
of the session, for the Home District
had been specially assessed for the
service, and no bill to pay the debt
would have passed the Legislative
Council as then constituted. Recent
events, however, have given the peo-
ple the power to pay such arrears
with interest, and Mackenzie would
have applied to the Council last year,
but he had to leave Toronto to es-
cape from midnight violence. The
County Freeholders made five con-
tracts with successive returning offi-
cers, under seal in one parliament,
each contract appointing Mackenzie
a public servant on stated wages.—
For one session he was paid—for the
other three he is the creditor of the
country. Will the Reeves and De-
puty Reeves pay him, or will they
put him off to a more convenient
opportunity. Ten shillings are but
small wages at most, and the man
who takes 18 years credit at that
gives a very broad hint to future
hirelings.

Capt. Taggart's Patent Flying
Machine Successful.—At Lowell on
the 4th at 4 P. M., Capt. Taggart
made a balloon ascension with his
flying machine attached. He was
up one and a half hours, travelled
about seventy five miles, and showed
himself over Dracut, Tewksbury,
Haverhill, Reading, Andover, Dan-
vers, Ipswich, Georgetown, Law-
rence, Methuen, Salem, and other
towns. He also went some distance
out to sea. On his way back to
Lowell, at Middleton, the gearing to
his flying machine broke. Had
not this accident happened he would
have landed in or near Lowell,
where he started from.—Balt. Amer.

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fully.

LITTLEFIELD, the janitor of the Medi-
cal College at Boston, has been recon-
ciled with Prof. Webster, and the two
have mutually expressed a wish for a
personal interview, in which, we learn,
they are to be gratified by the Sheriff.

He who considers faithfulness in lit-
tle things unworthy him, should be con-
sidered unworthy to be entrusted with
great things.

LOVE AND CRIME.—C. Pinckney

Henson, an Englishman and a school-
master, under 30 years of age, has
been arrested in Thomas County,
Ga., for the murder of Robert A.
Pearce, a respectable planter, who
had befriended him, and with whom
he boarded when Mr. P. died sud-
denly in March last. Henson then
removed to another boarding house,
but continued to visit Mrs. Pearce,
the widow, who is but 18 years old,
although she has three children. It
being rumored that she and Henson
intended to be married, her friends
sought to defeat it, and succeeded in
inducing her to give him a negative
answer—whereupon he became fur-
ious, declared that he had poisoned
her husband to obtain her, and that
no one else should ever possess her.
Seemingly to comply, Mrs. P. soon af-
ter lodged a complaint against Hen-
son, and he was indicted for the murder.
In his trunk were found several
love letters from her, and the
prisoner has confessed the crime, but
implies her as an accomplice, and
says he bought the arsenic with
which Mr. Pearce was destroyed for
the purpose of killing a negro boy
who had witnessed his "improper
familiarities with Mrs. P. Henson is
a good scholar and orator, and had
been selected by the Sons of Tempe-
rance, of which body he was a mem-
ber, to deliver a fourth of July ora-
tion. He avows that he desires to
live only that he may revenge him-
self on the woman. She is very re-
spectably connected.

INDIAN TREATY IN CALIFORNIA.

The treaty of peace negotiated by
Gen. Green, at the head of the Cali-
fornia militia, with the Indian Chief
Weima Buckler and Poolie, of the
Sacramento country, is published at
length in the California papers. It
provides that if the U. S. Govern-
ment shall, in six months from the
date of the treaty, May 25th, confirm
it, each of the tribes shall be paid
annually, \$1,000 for ten years. The
Indians are guaranteed the free use
of the gold mines, and a redress of
grievances; and, in return, they agree
to carry no arms while they may be
in the settlement of the whites, and
to surrender any Indian who may
commit a robbery, murder, or any
other offence against the whites.

"THE BITTER END."—We are sor-
ry to see so many evidences that
"the bitter end" of political hostility
is to be invoked against Gen. Tay-
lor's successor. But an article in the
Post of last evening, and in the Penn-
sylvanian of yesterday, gives assu-
rance that both branches of the
party mean to begin their warfare
early, and to prosecute it with un-
sparing fury to the bitter end. Such
predetermined opposition should
unite the Whig party of the country
at once against this unscrupulous
warfare, which has been commenced
before the deceased President is com-
mitted to the grave, and in advance
of the utterance of any official op-
inion whatever on the part of the
present Chief Magistrate. The country
will not sustain such a mode of war-
fare.—N. Y. Express.

A VETERAN.—A late Paris paper
says, that